The Journey of Promise: Tracing the Path Before the Tragedy.

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The joy of jump rope:

On Sundays, I would accompany my family to church. However, during those times, I was well cared for by various family members and older brothers. Initially, we attended a nearby church, but eventually became members of the main church in town that is CSI church.

For my early education, I attended the only convent school in our town, where I completed both lower and upper kindergarten. While there was a school near the church we visited every Sunday, my parents wanted me to attend one of the best schools

available in the town. This decision was made to provide me with quality education and opportunities.

As was our routine, my parents would drop me off at play school, and then I would travel to school with other play school students in an auto-rickshaw. Similarly, when school ended, the auto-rickshaw would drop us off at play school, where parents would pick up their children after finishing work.

During my time at play school, I have fond memories of hiding in the kitchen next to a gas cylinder whenever thunderstorms or lightning occurred. This particular memory stands out as one of the best from my play school days.

The value of outdoor play:

During that time, I had a pet chick that I adored. I once had the idea to give it a bath by holding its neck and submerging it in water. Excitedly, I showed my mother the chick afterwards, but sadly, it died in my hands. Despite that unfortunate incident, I still enjoyed

having chicks as pets. They were easily available for just one rupee and came in various colors.

Living in the rental home, I used to spend time at the nearby cycle shop, observing people renting cycles. The building also had a mechanic shop. I would often find iron balls there and use a magnet to collect iron soil. However, my mother wouldn't allow me to stay there for too long, and I had to take a nap in the afternoon.

Nevertheless, I devised a plan to quietly unlock the door using a chair when my mother was asleep and had locked me inside. Then, I would sneak off to the shop and play there. I didn't have many friends my age, so I mostly spent my time with the neighbors and at the bicycle shop.

The fun of pretending:

I often visited my aththai's house, who was my father's sister. She had two daughters who were older than me, and I enjoyed spending time with them during vacations. Additionally, I had two cousins who lived with another relative's family.

One was an older brother Arnold anna, and the other was a younger sister named Epshipha. Despite being just three months younger than me, Epshipha and I had a great bond. We would often dress alike, trade clothes, and have a wonderful time playing together. Occasionally, we would travel to the country where my mother was born. However, due to the considerable distance from my hometown, we didn't visit the village frequently. Instead, my father would take me to nearby places whenever he had some free time to spend with the family. These outings allowed us to explore and create lasting memories together.

"Childhoods never last. But everyone deserves one"– Wendy Dale